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opinion, that Milton's "most musical most melancholy" bird was not a visitor of ours,—and suspecting, besides, that my friends might have been deceived by some means, not improbably by the tricks of some waggish boy with a bird-call.

I have been, however, set right on this point in a manner that will not speedily be effaced from my memory. Happening to be on the *old Rathgar* road on Saturday night last, about twelve o'clock, near the spot where the picturesque ruin of the old castle stood a few years ago, I paused to gaze on the beautiful scenery. The night was one of the most lovely description. The moon, at the full, had her brilliancy softened, but in a scarcely perceptible degree, by the descending vapours which had already begun to form a fleecy cloud that seemed to sleep upon the meadows. Some trees, not very distant, but strongly in shadow, contrasted finely with the range of the Dublin mountains, which, bounding the view, lay stretched along in tender light, distinct in outline through the moon-lit rays; yet so faint, so thin, that they looked more like things of air than earth. Not a breath disturbed the perfect calm,—all nature seemed chained in silence,—when suddenly my ears were filled with a most delicious rush of musical sounds that startled me from my vision, banishing the enchantment of one sense, as it were, that I might be spell-bound by that of another! For nearly a minute I listened with surprise and delight to a continued strain of warbling, that combined the sweetness of the robin with the varied inflections of the lark, the canary, and the linnet. It commenced as before, and continued for about a quarter of an hour that I remained, permitting its exertions, sometimes for nearly half a minute, sometimes for a shorter period. At intervals during the song, another bird, at a good distance, answered it with a few short notes of rather indifferent quality. I could not ascertain how far off or where this second bird was; but the first seemed to be about forty paces from me in a thick hedge on the road side. Perhaps my endeavours to effect a more close acquaintance, frightened it away; for it became silent for a longer time than usual—I waited for some minutes expecting to hear it again, but it had fled, and I reluctantly pursued my way.

Whether this was the nightingale or not, I am unable to decide, never having heard the bird; but I am disposed to think it was not. I mentioned this circumstance to a friend who had once the good fortune to hear the nightingale's song in perfection in the vicinity of Bristol. He told me, that a few years ago, in the wood at Luggelaw, county of Wicklow, he heard, with great surprise, a night song similar to what I have here described; but did not think it was the nightingale. He speaks of the tone of the latter as exceeding in richness and fulness even the tone of the blackbird; but our Night Singer's note—although most exquisitely sweet—is of a much more slender quality of tone.

But if not the nightingale, what can it be? The *night warbler*, or *white-throated nightingale* visits England at the same time with its more celebrated namesake; but it is said to inhabit *sedgy* places, whereas the situations chosen by our Night Singer are precisely similar to that of the nightingale. Here is a question for some of our ornithologists. I hope some of them who have the inclination, and time to spare, will look into it and favor us with the result.

7th May, 1833.

C. O'H.

DANIEL THE OUTLAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

In the "Legend of the Midwife," which appeared in the 34th Number of the Dublin Penny Journal, I saw an allusion made to the "Oak-crowned cliff of Daniel the Outlaw."—It speedily re-called to my memory, the by-gone days when that cliff and its surrounding hills and streams were the scenes of my early youth; when at the "noisy mansion" of Phil Sullivan, near the bank of the silver Ariglin, I received my first ideas of chivalry and romance from the perusal of the "Seven Champions of Christendom,"—of gallant enterprise and warlike stratagem, from the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees"—and my early fostered and long-matured hatred

of tyranny, from the "Genuine History of Ireland." volumes would be now disregarded; but can the judgment atone for pleasures enjoyed in the warmth of fancy? I have been delighted to lie for hours in the Outlaw's retreat of the cliff—to regard in mood, the compartments of the rock which tradition signed to his solitary fire, his sword and gun,—to co the days when the decayed oaks of the steep cliff c umbrageous protection round the rock of his repose his shrill silver whistle roused his faithful band to the their chief: here I rehearsed all that tradition has p of his matchless prowess and "hair-breadth escapes." sketch his story.—The recollection of the time when of truth first struck my ear, still affords me a mel pleasure. Days of my youth, why have you given years which have stamped the premature wrinkle brow? But you shall ever lie in the waste of my n refreshing as the green neighbourhood of the wells r sands of the desert to the weary eye of the Afri veller.

The story of Daniel O'Keefe, surnamed the outlaw, involved in much obscurity. He was, it seems, a fellow that O'Keefe, who, when driven by the Roches from moy, obtained large possessions in these western district that having accidentally slain McDonough, the chief Duhallow, he was forced to betake himself to these m fastnesses to shun the vengeance of McDonough's jst clan. At length having associated with him a band of ing spirits, he gave proof of his millesian hatred of the invader, in bold and desperate outrages on the possess the intruders on the native right of the Gael.—His enterprises and extraordinary escapes from the fr parties of soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and the f tion he afforded the weak and defenceless, are y theme of many an Irish song. The outlaw himself polished scholar and poet; and fragments of his vers survive among the more aged dwellers of the glens.

The common mode of depredation practised by this booter was to carry off Creaghs, or whole herds of from the enemy until a sufficient sum was sent for the lease. The deep glens surrounding his retreat in the screened the booty, taken in his predatory excursions, the closest search; but the cave of Gortmore, by the Blackwater, about fourteen miles from Kiskume, wa most usual place of resort, because its vicinity to Ma then the great thoroughfare between the north and s and its immediate proximity to the lands of the str rendered it an excellent centre of operation. Likewise, retreat could afford full security against all attacks. O side of a huge cliff that fearfully overhangs its base, g the opening of the cave; the river which has since rec from the rock, then rolled its wild waters along its ba from the water's edge a few rude steps cut in the lime rock, led into the cave, but from every other side it wholly inaccessible. The reader will form an idea of the portance of this retreat, as it could be approached only boat or by swimming; and the cave, as tradition relates, tends for many a mile beneath St. Hilary's hills.

Daniel the outlaw had a female companion to soften horrors of this dark dwelling and share his life of depreda and danger—her name was Margaret Kelly. She is sai have been extremely beautiful, and O'Keefe loved her a long and faithful affection; but the temptation of a h reward offered for his head, induced her to betray him. was she who generally procured him provisions from neighbouring town of Mallow; and she always crossed river in a boat which was kept concealed in the cave. s agreed one day with the commanding officer at Mallow betray O'Keefe into his hands. A few soldiers were stationed convenient to the landing-place on the oppa bank, and when the outlaw, on the next occasion, had a yeyed his perfidious messenger in the light skiff over the r in her way to town, the soldiers were to shoot him from th place of concealment on his return to the cave. For service she received an acknowledgement entitling her the reward on the outlaw's death or apprehension. Af concluding this horrid compact, she returned to the ca when O'Keefe, in a moment of soft dalliance, gently put hand into her bosom, and was horror stricken to find t parchment that confirmed to the beloved of his heart t price of his blood, and urged to madness at her detestal perfidy, he plunged his skoin into her bosom, and she expir with a single groan.

This celebrated freebooter was endued with great swif

ness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops, and was pursued for many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him as he reached the fearful cliffs that overhang the broad Black-water, he bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank; his pursuers durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat, exclaimed, in the Irish tongue,—“How great is thy leap, O! man of wonder;” and he quaintly replied—“It is trifling, compared with the length of the run.”

Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Mill-street, he was betrayed by his nurse-tender.—O’Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, when the hovel to which he was confined was surrounded by armed men;—he was wrapped in his blanket and laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were the less watchful of their prisoner.—Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down with the sword which lay close at his side during his illness and which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment; and in the moment of their irresolution and dismay he effected his escape.

At length the hour that was to terminate the career of this extraordinary man approached. A person in whom he reposed great trust, unable to resist the rewards offered for his apprehension, invited O’Keefe to partake of his hospitality, that he might betray his guest. This man communicated his intention to his wife, who used every means of persuasion to induce him to forego his base design, but in vain— and upon leaving home for the purpose of bringing a strong party to seize O’Keefe, he bound her on oath to conceal the treachery from the confiding outlaw. In the course of some time, O’Keefe finding himself thirsty, desired to drink, and his hostess brought a draught of new-milk. Upon his expressing a wish to have the draught warmed, she pointedly said—“*Má’s maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus teith.*” * The ambiguity of these words which equally mean “to drink hot and cold,” or “to drink and flee,” excited his attention: he flung the bowl to the earth—drew his well-tried sword and rushed from the house—but the red coats had that moment arrived, and a well-aimed bullet cut short his speed and his life.

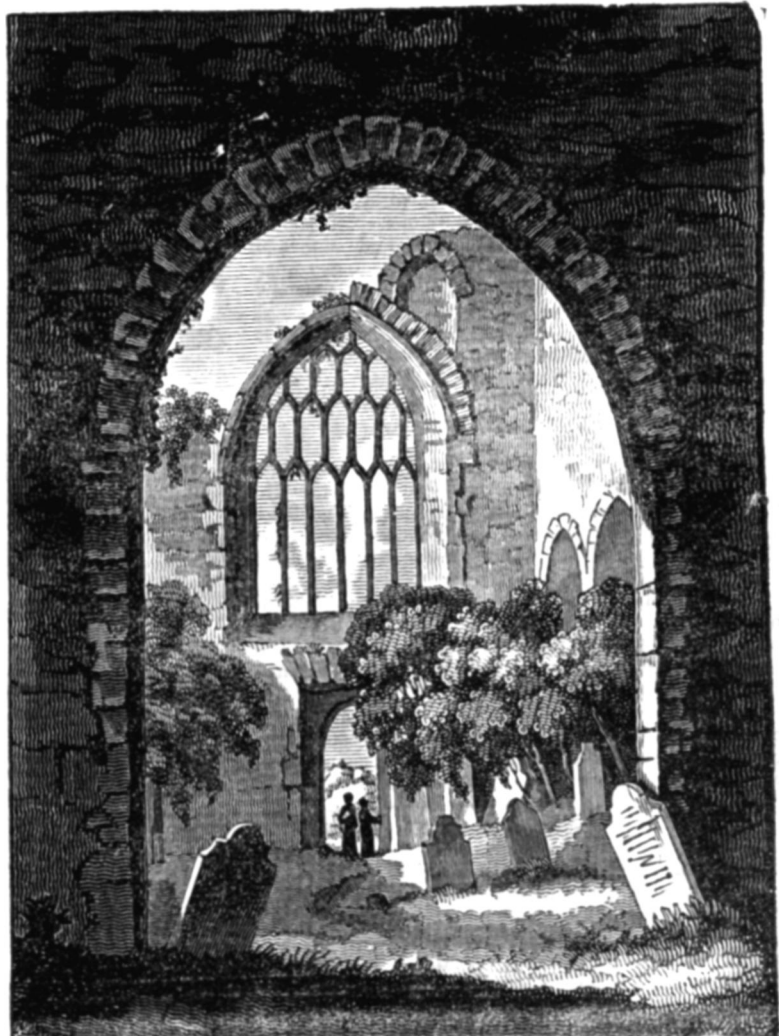
W.

* This proverb is amongst those given in our 20th Number, accompanied by a note, which tells the story somewhat differently from our correspondent W.

THE ABBEY OF HOLY-CROSS, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

The celebrated Abbey of Holy Cross, has been introduced to the readers’ notice in our 42d number, in which we have given a view of the beautiful tomb there, which is supposed to be that of its founder. We now proceed to lay before our readers a more detailed account of its history.

This magnificent ruin, which is generally considered as one of the finest remains of the pointed style of architecture in Ireland, is situated on the river Suir, about two miles below Thurles. It was originally founded in the year 1182, for Cistercian monks, by Donald O’Brien, King of Limerick, and not by his son, Donogh Cairbreach, as stated by Archdall, Ledwich, Gough, and other compilers, as may be seen from the foundation charter, which still exists, and is given at length in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, beginning thus: “Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, and Christians of whatsoever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ.” This Charter is signed by Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Holy See, in Ireland; M. Archbishop of Cashel, and B. Bishop of Limerick. According to Mr. O’Halloran, in his “Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland,” the abbey was erected in honor of a piece of the true cross, which Pope Pascal II., about the year 1110, sent as a present to Murtough, monarch of Ireland, and which was covered with gold and set with precious stones. For this fact, however, no historical evidence has as yet been adduced; but it is not improbable that a present of this kind was made to one of the Munster Kings by the Papal See, as we have notices in our annals of the same period, of presents to some of the other Pro-



H. Hill, Esq.

View of the Abbey of Holy Cross.

Clayton.

vincial Kings of Ireland, of supposed pieces of the cross; and it is certain that a relic of this description has been preserved with reverence in this abbey from a very remote period, and exists even to this day. On this account, as